

Regular Morning Rituals and Antics

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Summary: Second: It's morning, the blondes are making out, Grif's barely awake, Simmons is amused, and Sarge is doing something important you don't need to be briefed on.

1. At Blue Base

A/N: Hi, everybody. Um, yeah I'm probably not going to update tomorrow, unless it's a drabble or something. Really sorry, guys. Or, I might update a sort of brother-fic to this, where it's the morning at Red base.

> On a completely unrelated note, if these guys were to, say, go to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, what houses do ya think Doc and Lopez would get sorted into? Just, you know, throwing that predicament out there—
Genre: Humor/Romance

> **Rating:** T

> **Pairings:** Heavy Donut/Caboose, Mentioned Tex/Sarge, and slight, hinted at Tucker/Church

> **Summary:** It's morning, the blondes are making out, Church can't find a spoon, Tucker is amused, and Tex has better people-er, things to do.

> **Warnings:** Slash, het, mentions of disturbing sexual content, making out, coffee, cursing, spoons.

Regular Morning Rituals and Antics

> (At Blue Base)<p>

Church yawned and stretched simultaneously as he walked into the kitchen; he cared very little that the only clothes covering his body were white-and-blue-striped boxers and a gray undershirt.

"Morning, Church," Donut greeted, chipper as always. In the seat over, Caboose echoed him.

The older man grunted in reply as he reached groggily reached up into a cabinet and took out a box of cereal at random. Ignoring the twin giggles coming from the two at the table, he found a bowl and cup,

then served himself some coffee.

"So, Caboose, tonight I was thinking that maybe just me and you should doâ€¦_something_," the Red soldier hinted suggestively, running a finger down the older man's broad chest. The other blonde nodded vigorously, knowing exactly-for once-what he was talking about.

"Tch," Church scoffed while he poured the cereal into his bowl, not quite able to ignore the couple early in the morning. They _could_ tune _him_ out, however, as they flirted wordlessly.

Church, rolling his eyes, went to the other side of the table with his breakfast and sat down. Realizing he forgot to get a spoon, he got up again and rummaged through the drawers. He came up with anything _but_ what he was looking for.

"Goddamnâ€¦"

"I can probably sneak out of the base around eight. That fine?" Donut asked Caboose.

"Mother fuckingâ€¦"

"Uh-huh," the larger blonde assured with an enthusiastic nod.

"Hate this placeâ€¦"

"Good," Donut smirked. Then he said apologetically, "I'd come earlier, but Sarge is really working us hard. And speaking of working hardâ€¦"

"Magical fucking disappearing spoonsâ€¦"

Donut grabbed the collar of Caboose's shirt and pulled him forward as he leaned in as well. Their lips met, and both pairs of eyes closed.

"Probably off with the forksâ€¦"

Caboose's hands latched onto Donut's thin waist while the hand of his that wasn't currently full of fabric clutched light brownish-blond hair. Donut's lips parted, allowing Caboose's tongue to dart in. The smaller man moaned into the kiss before sucking on the slick appendage.

Tucker chose that moment to walk in.

"'Sup, Church? They going at it again?" he asked casually, indicating the two at the table.

"Creating sporks of doom," Church mumbled, having completely blacked out the past five minutes or so in his spoon search.

"Dude, have your coffee before you try to form coherent sentences, 'cause it just ain't gonna happen," the mocha skinned man laughed as he led Church back over to the table.

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever. Still don't have a damn spoon," he grumbled, sitting down. Caboose and Donut were still going at it.

Snickering, Tucker got up. He came back over a second later brandishing the desired utensil that sparkled in the base's bright fluorescent light. Smirking as Church gruffly snatched it from him, Tucker sat down between him and Caboose, scooting his chair closer to the former. The still half-asleep man scooped up a few flakes as across from him the couple finally broke apart just as Tex entered the kitchen.

As she crossed the room and sat down next to the small blonde she greeted, "Good morning, Miss Donut."

"Right back attcha, sir!" he retorted, turning to the brunette with a wide grin.

"Well, I'm off, pansies. I'll kill you later, Donut," Tex told them, getting right back up and going towards the door.

"Say hi to Sarge for me," the younger of the blondes requested. The woman stopped dead in her tracks and craned her head to look at him.

"How the hell do you know where I'll be?" she demanded.

"Dude, me, Grif, and Simmons have walked in on you two how many times?" he reminded. "You guys have some pretty weird kinks."

"You just don't know what fun is," she countered. With that, the brunette made her exit.

Church, having fallen asleep during the brief exchange, was slouched forward with his chin brushing against his chest. His elbow was on the table, coffee cup in hand. It was tipped over, the hot liquid cascading into his cereal.

"So many images popping into my head right now," Tucker said, taking the now three-fourths gone cup out of Church's slack hand. He set it aside and brought the spoon and bowl closer to him.

"SM, guns, bondage, and the oddest dirty talk ever," Donut told him, sipping some orange juice that Caboose poured for him.

"'Sgood thing he doesn't fall asleep in battleâ€¦|What kind of dirty talk?" Tucker asked, smirking, while he adjusted Church's arms as a pillow and pushed the smaller man's head onto them in hopes that it was a more comfortable position.

"Stuff about killing everyone and drinking the blood of their enemies," the blonde elaborated.

"Dude, freaky," Tucker commented, to which the others nodded.

He looked down at the soggy cereal, shrugging. Putting a spoonful into his mouth he thought, _Coffee flavored wheat. Not bad._

2. At Red Base

****A/N: **Finally, the brother-fic.**

****Genre: **Humor/Romance**

****Rating: **T**

****Pairings: **Heavy Donut/Caboose, Mentioned Tex/Sarge, and slight, hinted at Simmons/Grif**

****Summary: **It's morning, the blondes are making out, Grif's barely awake, Simmons is amused, and Sarge is doing something important you don't need to be briefed on.**

****Warnings: **Slash, het, mentions of disturbing sexual content, making out, coffee, cursing, hiding.**

Regular Morning Rituals and Antics
>(At Red Base)<p>

Grif entered the kitchen with a yawn and shake of his head, shaggy brunet locks falling over his tan face. He went immediately to the refrigerator; just like the day before there wasn't much. Grumbling, he poured himself some coffee, added half of the sugar bowl, then went to sit down at the table next to Simmons.

"Good morning, Grif!" Donut greeted, using his high-pitched, cheerful tone that grated said man's ears. Grif only grumbled some half-hearted response, causing both blondes at the table to giggle.

"He's a lot like Church without his coffee," Caboose commented.

"That's because they're both easily addicted to stimulants," Simmons told them, sipping from a cup of orange juice.

The brunet shot him a drowsy glare, though didn't bother making a retort. Instead, he took a gulp of the coffee, relishing the feel of the liquid as it poured into his mouth before cascading down his ready and willing throat.

"Speaking of addictions," Donut said suggestively, running a finger across Caboose's jaw line.

He murmured something only the other blonde could catch before pressing their lips together. Soon the kiss grew more heated, the Red parting his mouth to let Caboose's tongue slip in. As their hands began to grope each other, Grif let out a snort.

"How th' hell do they have 'nuff energy to go at it after fuckin' all night long?" he asked.

"Oh, so I'm not the only one who could hear them. And here I thought I was having a nightmare," Simmons mused. Donut held up his middle finger to his teammates, not breaking his and Caboose's rhythm.

Simmons rolled his green eyes and got up to make another piece of toast. Grif downed the rest of his coffee, and then spent the next thirty seconds trying to will himself to get up and pour himself some more. When he did finally bring himself over to the counter, he slumped up against it and closed his eyes.

"You're pathetic, Grif," he heard Simmons say. Cracking one hazel eye open, he glared at the other man.

"Fuh-sush, mmâ€|" he muttered incoherently. This evoked a chuckle from the freckled man.

"Great job on morning intelligence," he congratulated.

"Mm, jus' shu' up and pour me coffee," Grif commanded semi-understandably, holding out his cup.

"What am I, your wife?"

Regardless of the complaint, Simmons took the cup and refilled it. He even went as far as to put some creamer and sugar in it. Handing the cup back to Grif, he rolled his eyes as the brunet added the rest of the sugar bowl.

"You're going to give yourself diabetes," he warned.

"'Sall a conspiracy by the evil gov'ment," Grif muttered, tossing the sugar bowl carelessly into the sink.

"You mean the same government that you _work_ for?"

"Th' one an' only. Now shu' up an' lead me to the table; my eyes are too tired to stay open."

"What? No, Grif, I'm not-" Simmons attempted to protest. He sighed in resignation as Grif leaned against him, practically half asleep where he was.

"You're lucky I'm a nice person, Grif," Simmons told the other man as he helped him back to the table. The concept evoked another snort from the brunet. Luckily, though, he didn't say anything; it was too damn early to have Simmons drop him on the floor or something.

Simmons sat Grif down, then took his own seat at the table. He put a sliver of butter on his fresh toast and took a savory bite. Grif, meanwhile, was practically conked out again, eyes closed and chin pressing into the wood.

Suddenly, loud footsteps could be heard and a gruff voice called out, "Ev'rybody better be awake in here."

Instantly, Donut broke off his and Caboose's kiss, panic spreading across his face. He quickly shoved the latter under the table, following right after. He clamped a hand over the other blonde's mouth as Sarge walked into the kitchen.

The sergeant raised an eyebrow as he surveyed the room, gaze landing on the table area. "We don't have uh tablecloth ta shield 'emâ€|"

"Sir, it's too damn early for any of us to really give a shit," Grif told him, lifting his head an inch or two. When he was done speaking, it promptly fell back on the hard wood. Simmons rolled his eyes.

"Would you even if it was mid afternoon?"

"Still too early."

"Right. Well, I'm off ta do important things ya'll don't need ta be briefed about. Ah'll be back soon," Sarge announced, turning around and starting to walk out.

"See you, sir," Simmons smirked knowingly. Grif just made an unintelligible mumble, hazel orbs once again shutting.

Caboose wriggled out of Donut's grasp and popped his head over the table, hands latching onto a chair to balance himself. "Say hi to Missus McCrabby for me," he requested cheerfully.

Looking quizzically at the blonde Sarge asked, "Who in the hell is that? Church?" It was Caboose's turn to roll his eyes now.

"No. I am talking about Tex, because you are going to go have alone time with her now," he explained.

"How'd ya know that, son?"

"Please, sir," Donut interjected, finally crawling halfway from under the table. "All of us here have interrupted you guys, plenty of times. Remember that one day when HQ had sent down some whipped cream and-"

"Well, Ah'm off. Don't kill each other. Unless it's Grif ya kill," Sarge quickly changed the subject. As fast as he could, he got out of there. Amused, Simmons turned to the blondes.

"I don't recall that time," he said.

"It's sort of like that time with the candle wax and really kinky and disturbing dirty talk."

"Stop right there, Donut," Simmons shuddered. "I'm sorry I asked."

He turned to the brunet, curious as to why he hadn't said anything for the past few minutes. He shouldn't have bothered; Grif was fast asleep, chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm.

Simmons rolled his eyes and took Grif's coffee. With one hand he sipped the cooling liquid while he used the other to position Grif so he wouldn't bruise anything and complain later.

End
file.